





AUTOBIOGRAPHY
of
DAN PATCH

**THE WORLD'S CHAMPION
HARNESS HORSE**

By
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SF 343
D3 #3

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Dedicated to
M. W. SAVAGE
Owner of
DAN PATCH



DAN PATCH 1:55

When I Pace at Full Speed.

DAN PATCH

INTRODUCTION

There have been thousands of great race horses. Hundreds of harness horses have won large sums of money for their owners and the admiration of horse lovers for themselves. Scores have given such remarkable performances that their names will never be forgotten. Dozens have won world championships. Eight have entered the magic two-minute circle.

There has been and there is only one Dan Patch. For ten years he has been without a peer in the har-

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ness horse world. In manners, in disposition, in courage, in gameness and in speed he has stood alone.

The performances of other horses have been judged largely by the nearness of approach to those of the world's champion. He has been the standard of harness horse perfection. More widely known than prince or potentate and better loved than any other animal in history, Dan Patch has been a popular idol during the last decade. He has repeatedly performed what experts have pronounced impossible feats. He has paced seventy-three miles at an average speed of less than two minutes. He has lowered the world's record fourteen times. He now holds seven world's records.

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The season of 1909 furnished the first evidence ever given by the champion that physical perfection will not last forever. For the first time this gallant animal indicated that even he would some day have to bow to the inevitable and admit the irresistible power of age. Still perfect as to muscle, lungs and heart, the champion proved that the legs which have borne him to so many victories are made of bone and sinew and must wear out.

When, after finishing the last quarter of an exhibition mile in thirty seconds at Los Angeles on Dec. 4th, Dan Patch was led back to the stands to receive a magnificent floral offering, the champion of champions limped perceptibly. He trembled as

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he bowed his appreciation when this last of a thousand wreaths was fastened about his shining neck.

This appearance was heralded by the press as the champion's last speed exhibition and one writer in describing the emotion that swept the grandstands, spoke of the incident as "The Curtain Call of a Top Notcher." Certain it is that this greatest of all pacers showed signs of the continued and terrific pounding over all sorts of tracks and equally certain is it that, as the monarch limped away to the stable, a silence of sadness settled over the crowd and tears glistened in the eyes of many of the spectators as they watched this exit of the noblest pacer that ever lived. It was a powerfully dramatic "curtain"

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to a compelling drama of battle and love and victory.

Dan Patch has won a place in horse history and in the hearts of the American people that can never be taken from him. The present generation will know no other world champion harness horse. The champion's life and performances have left an imprint upon the harness horse breeding industry, an imprint that will not be lessened by his retirement, an imprint distinct from that of the blood lines that, in his get, will be productive of great results.

As a proof of the regard in which he is and always will be held, the result of a popular voting contest to determine the ten greatest pacers of all time conducted by the Horse

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Review in the fall of 1911, is of interest. In this contest Dan was given first place on 2,901 ballots out of 3,524. His nearest competitor was Joe Patchen, Dan's sire, who received only 210 votes.

Dan has reached the end of his wonderful speed career. His greatness must be henceforth, a greatness of memory, except as it is handed down to posterity by his sons and daughters.

To the men who have studied and known him during his life it seems that his intelligence must be almost human. The greatest care and the most perfect training could never have made and kept Dan Patch what he has been. The work of his caretakers, trainers and drivers has always

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been high class, but it has always been supplemented by the self-esteem, the care and thoughtfulness of the horse himself. Dan Patch has come to be spoken of as "the horse that knows."

As the great pacer enters into the twilight of his marvelous career we can get a better perspective of it as a whole than has been possible heretofore. The sum total of his performances shows a never-failing greatness and a consistency hitherto unknown to the horse world. His life and works show more than consistency. They show a well-rounded greatness that should raise the horse in the estimation of men. Dan's life story is an inspiration to breeders and an object lesson to people who have to do with the noblest of man's

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dumb friends. It tells of intelligence and bravery and preaches a powerful sermon on what kindness and care mean to our dumb animals and what it will accomplish when rightly applied.

To one who has studied, watched and loved this great horse and who feels that he knows the champion's mental processes it seems certain that the complete story of his life, hopes, disappointments, ambitions, failures and successes is fully realized by Dan Patch himself. His life has in it all the elements of real romance and I cannot but believe Dan appreciates them all and would wish the world to know them and to learn that a mere horse can know and think and feel.

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The following story is an earnest and honest attempt to interpret these thoughts and to give them to the world in words, as nearly as possible like those which Dan would use were he possessed of almost the only human function that he lacks. It is believed that it will appeal to those who know and love Dan Patch. It is hoped that it tells the things Dan would like to tell and gives an interpretation of his acts and rules of life such as he would approve.

MERTON E. HARRISON.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST DAYS.

My first memories are pleasant ones. They are of comfort and sunshine in a pasture with plenty of feed and wooded with picturesque old oak trees. I have heard that I was born in an Oxford livery stable. If I had so plebeian a birthplace I have no memory of it. I can recall nothing before the big Indiana pasture in which I was happy and free and healthy.

All of this was only fifteen years ago as men reckon time, but in the horse world it is longer than the racing life of most track performers. Since then my life has been crowded with activities of every sort, but

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during all the years, happiness, sunshine, the joy of victory, kindness and love have been my lot.

There are people who think that horses do not know and appreciate the best things of life. They are mistaken. Horses do know. Horses do think and feel. We suffer from unkindness and appreciate the care and thoughtfulness of our caretakers, owners and other people around us. We have our likes and dislikes. Some horses, like some people, show these more than others, but I feel sure that all of us are more willing to put forth our greatest efforts when asked by our friends than when the request comes from those we do not like.

Instinctively we know the people who love us and who will be kind to

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us and, while we cannot tell them in words, every well-bred horse has a way of expressing these sentiments. Horses remember. When we have once made friends we do not readily give them up.

We cannot write poetry, but we have our romances. I know I have had mine and now that the noise and tumult of victory and glory are beginning to subside, it is a pleasure to remember, to look back over it all and to enjoy again the happier incidents.

The early days when I was young, strong and filled with the joy of life and when everything was new and strange to me, were really the happiest I have ever known. There were a few other horses in our large pasture

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that were not always kind to me, but I always found protection by the side of my mother, Zelica. She was young and active and she defended me from all attacks as faithfully as any mother could. I fear I did not appreciate her then, for there was so much for me to learn and I was so eager to be taught and to try experiments. I know now that it is not only my inheritance, but the advice given and the example set me by my dam that helped me to form habits that have since won me many friends.

I had no playmates of my own age and therefore had more time to listen to the tales of Zelica. Gently but firmly she explained to me that I was not an ordinary colt destined to wear my life out in hauling buggies

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back and forth to town or doing even more irksome tasks. During the heat of many days, while we lay enjoying the cool shade of a protecting elm, she told me of my ancestors. I learned that I was the descendant of a long line of performers whose names are written high on the roll of race horse fame. I heard of the prowess of my sire, Joe Patchen, than whom a greater race horse has never lived. I learned that I was looked upon to carry forward the honor of his noble family. I was advised as to actions and morals, told about the race track where I would some day be taken to try my speed and gameness. Zelica confided to me that she had been denied her great ambition. She had never won a race because she

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had gone lame and her training had been given up. Her hope was that, through me, she could know the joy of victory.

These and many more things I eagerly listened to and, before I was a year old, I had dreamed dreams of greatness. My mind was filled with thoughts of what I should do. My courage was fired and my heart beat with a longing and a great ambition.

It was not until my second summer that any person seemed to pay any attention to me. In fact I cannot remember seeing a man or woman more than once or twice until I was nearly a year old. Before I reached that age I was left alone in the pasture, Zelica having been taken away to continue in her services to man-

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kind. I was not lonesome, however, as I found plenty of excitement in mad, free gallops about my spacious pasture and in such coltish pranks as barking trees and kicking down fences.

Now that I think of it, I do not believe I ever again saw my mother. I can't recall that I thought it strange to be parted from her. I guess that is a provision in horse nature. Our lives make the separation of relatives necessary and we are made so that we do not mourn. I am thinking of it now for the first time and only after having watched sad human partings. I guess it is wisely ordered.

CHAPTER II.

I MEET MY MASTER.

I shall never forget the afternoon when I first saw my owner, Dan Messner, and recognized a master. I was standing near the fence, looking across the fields, wondering what lay beyond and when I should be taken to the cities and tracks of which I had heard. Suddenly I saw a horse coming toward me. Hitched to the animal with what I soon found to be a harness was a two-wheeled cart in which was a man, large and smiling.

The horse stopped, the man climbed down, tied the animal to a tree and walked directly toward me. I watched him and wondered. It

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never occurred to me to fear or to run away as so many colts might have done. He came up to me, laid his hand gently on my neck and said a few words in a voice that was firm but kind.

Leaving me, my visitor hurried back to his rig and began unharnessing his horse. I waited. In a very few minutes he had unfastened and taken off the harness and, leaving the horse tied to the tree, returned to me, carrying a great bundle of what were then strange straps and fixtures. I waited, not knowing but still not fearing what was to come.

With a few kind words, the man, who I recognized as a friend, quietly placed the harness on my back, buckled up the straps and in a few

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moments more was asking me to open my mouth for the insertion of a hard, cold, steel bit. To this I objected. I did not understand it. I also had a feeling that perhaps my liberty was in danger and I made serious objections. My master held me firmly by the foretop and, after some little persuasion, induced me to let him put on the bridle. I did not like it and I have never liked it, but since it is accepted as the only practical way in which horses can be managed I have had to learn to put up with it. I have seen many bits that cannot be worn without torturing a horse. I have never been asked to wear one of these and I can only advise other horses that good behavior is the best way of getting humane

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bits as well as kind treatment. After being well fastened up I was led over to the cart, backed between the thills and was soon ready for driving. I felt a pull on the lines and, looking around, saw my master climbing into the cart. I did not know what I should do but, realizing that something was expected of me, I started away down the path through the pasture at the best gait I knew. I know now that I started in pacing as naturally as many colts run.

In a few moments I learned to know what my driver meant when he pulled on one line or both and I felt sure that he was pleased and gratified with my trying to do what was right. After a short drive around the pasture he called "whoa" and

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at the same time pulled sharply on the lines. I stopped to see what was the matter. Then he dismounted and while I waited he began unfastening the buckles and taking off the harness. The tone of his voice as he patted me affectionately told me that I had done well. I felt that my work in the world had been begun properly.

I was glad when the bit and straps were off and I could gallop and roll away the feel of them. They weren't to my liking but some how I knew that they were necessary evils and I accepted them as I have accepted many things because I believed it the easiest and, in the end, the best way. I am somewhat at a loss to explain this submissive spirit unless

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it comes from an appreciation of man's superior intelligence.

It was not many days after this first drive when I was taken from the pasture, led into the village of Oxford and given a stall in the big barn near Mr. Messner's house. I was turned loose in the pasture back of the barn occasionally, but this became more and more infrequent while the occasions when I was hitched and driven became more frequent. I had passed my playtime in the open. Since then my life has been mostly spent indoors or on tracks. I have sometimes envied horses, young and old, who could have the freedom of the fields, but now that my time for this sort of life has again come I am not sure which is most to be desired.

CHAPTER III.

MY FIRST MEETING WITH A BLACK- SMITH AND A PHOTOGRAPHER.

Shortly after I took up my quarters in town I was introduced to a blacksmith and the gentle art of horse-shoeing. I was led into the village smithy by my master, who stood near me and talked to me during the unpleasant initiation. My fears were aroused when I first stepped into the dingy shop cluttered up with scraps of old iron and pieces of broken vehicles. The smell was very different from that of the pasture or even of my clean stable and this did not tend to allay my suspicions.

When my halter strap was tied securely to a ring in the wall, a big,

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hairy-armed man in a leather apron, carrying a great hammer slouched toward me. He laid his hand on my flank and roughly pushed me to one side, saying, "Get over, colt." I did not like his manner nor his tone, but decided that I was in no great danger as my master stood at my head and spoke reassuringly to me. The blacksmith forcibly picked up one of my front feet and pulling it into position between his knees held it firmly in spite of my efforts to put it down. He next dropped his hammer and grasped a villainous looking weapon from a box of tools that he had slid along the floor toward me and began cutting away at my hoofs.

I did not understand the proceed-

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ing but flinched involuntarily. In spite of his rough way of going at the job the blacksmith did not really hurt me much although it seemed that he was cutting off most of my foot. This operation finished, he went to my other front foot, then to my left hind one. I was not used to standing on three feet and I was especially surprised when he jerked this back support from under me. I nearly lost my balance and, in recovering, kicked somewhat viciously, I am afraid. I did not like the man and resented his unusual treatment of me. He lost his hold and staggered nearly across the shop, but immediately came back to the attack. This time, however, he approached me with a little more care and courtesy.

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His third attempt was successful, due largely to my master's continued admonitions to me to be quiet. When each hoof had been pared, the smith went over to what looked like a big chimney, and pulling down the handle of a pair of bellows blew into bright flame the embers of his fire. The flash lighted up the shop and, this being my first experience, startled me. I was reassured by Mr. Messner, however, and decided that I was too far away to be hurt by the fire.

In a few moments the smith took from the flames a red hot piece of iron and after hammering it into shape and incidentally sending bits of fire in all directions, he approached me, holding the still red shoe by a pair of tongs. Raising my leg he

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placed this on my hoof. The hot iron sizzled and smoked, and I smelt the nauseating odor of burnt hoofs for the first time. I was more frightened than hurt, but imagined myself terribly mistreated. I struggled to be free and succeeded.

The smith's next effort was more satisfactory and after a short sizzling he dropped my foot and returned to the forge, where he again heated the iron. Then he pounded out some more sparks and came back to me for another try-on. I reasoned that he was working to make an iron foot shaped as nearly as possible like mine. Thus I was not surprised when, evidently satisfied, the shoemaker finally pushed his box of weapons closer and after dipping the



The Way I Looked to a Friendly Camera.

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barefoot and appreciated the fact that the shoes were a protection. I began to feel proud of them and it occurred to me that being shod was one of the important processes necessary to make me what I hoped to become, a real race horse.

Since that day I do not remember ever going unshod for any length of time. My feet have been cared for by the best blacksmiths and have never given me any concern except on shoeing days, to which I have never come to look forward with any degree of pleasure. However, I have learned to regard the shoeing of a race horse as very important to his success. The shape and weight of shoes have much to do with regulating a horse's gait and a good black-

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smith studies an animal's peculiarities and makes shoes that properly balance him and help materially in making him smooth-gaited and giving him the ease and power necessary to develop the greatest speed.

Experts all over the world have examined my shoes and I have learned that I am somewhat unusual in that I wear the same weight shoes, five ounces, on all four feet. The sharp steel grabs set in at both toe and heel were first put on my shoes a number of years ago and I found them a great help when pacing at a high rate of speed. This style of shoe has been copied very largely in the footwear of other high class pacers.

That morning while I was being exercised to get used to my new shoes

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I had another unusual experience. A man carrying two big, black cases hurried into the yard and approaching us, called out in a pleasant tone, "Messner, that colt looks like a real one to me. I'd like to get a picture of him." "Go ahead and shoot," laconically replied my owner.

My interest was aroused, but my owner did not seem much excited and continued to lead me back and forth on the driveway. The stranger began unstrapping his cases and I soon saw him pull out and set up a three-legged yellow arrangement that looked very queer to me, but which I have since become well acquainted with. It was a photographer's tripod. Soon the man had placed a black box on this stand and, opening it up, he pulled out what

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looked to me like a strange and weird instrument. Then covering his head with a black cloth he fussed around, turning screws and twisting himself into queer positions for several minutes.

Finally he called to my owner, "All right now, if you will stand him about there," indicating a place some thirty feet from the instrument. I did not like the looks of the machine and expressed my dislike by refusing to go closer. "Oh, come along, Dan. That's nothing but a camera," explained Mr. Messner. "You are going to get your picture taken. This is your first offense, but I'll bet my last cent it won't be your last."

I yielded and allowed myself to be led to the place indicated by the

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stranger. Then came what seemed to me an endless amount of maneuvering. I was asked to stand in one direction, then moved a little and moved back again. First one of my front feet was picked up and set down in one place, then it was changed again. Next I was asked to move one of my hind feet. One of the stable men came out and, evidently taking a great interest in the procedure, added his advice to that of the others.

When the position of my legs seemed to satisfy the three of them, the stable men stood off in front of me and coaxed me to hold up my head, put out my ears, stick in my nose and do all sorts of foolish things. After trying to suit all of them for a

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time I became tired out and with a kick of disgust started for the barn. I was brought up short by my owner who still had a firm hold of the halter stale. He persuaded me to go back and we went through with practically the same fixing as before. Finally the stranger said, "Well, I guess that is the best we can do. Everybody quiet now," and with that he made some more moves around his machine and fussed for a minute or two with the end of a long rubber tube.

"I guess that's pretty fair, but we had better try another one," he remarked. Whereupon I was turned, facing in the opposite direction, and asked to do a lot more useless things. After what seemed an interminable time they expressed themselves as

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fairly well satisfied and I was taken back to the stable.

That was my introduction to photography. Since then I probably have had focused at me a million or so kodaks, cameras and photographing contrivances of all kinds. I now know the difference between the "Brownie" of the rank amateur and the "Graflex" of the expert newspaper man and while I much prefer the visits of the latter I try to be as polite as possible to beginners. I early learned not to mind them, however, and discovered that the easiest and quickest way of getting rid of any picture taker was to look my best and do what was asked of me. I have learned to pose whenever a photographer puts in an appearance

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and as a result I have gained the reputation of being an extremely easy horse to photograph.

Pictures of me have been sent around the world and I have seen many of them that I thought flattered me and many that looked as much like me as I look like a Shetland pony. I have come to consider it a compliment, however, to be photographed and I never consider it a bother. I have had my picture taken with celebrities of many kinds and whether I am asked to stand up before a camera with a dog, a street car, an automobile or a famous man I always try to "look pleasant."

CHAPTER IV.

MY FIRST LOVE AND MY FIRST RACE TRACK.

It was during the early days of my stay in Oxford that I made the acquaintance of a little lady whose friendship has meant much to me. My pasture was a playground for some of the neighborhood children and among them was the little girl who has ever since been, after a fashion, my ideal. Many little folks used to play in the pasture, but I was especially attracted to this golden-haired miss. The attraction seemed to be mutual and we soon became friends.

She often came to the pasture alone and, sitting on the fence, watched the

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antics prompted by my youth and good health. I recognized a friend and was not long in learning that she was willing to share her sweetmeats with me. I think this is where I learned to like sugar, a habit which I have never outgrown and which has been especially indulged since I became a champion.

Little by little the young lady and I became better friends and when I was loose in the pasture we used to have many frolics together. One day I was entertaining my visitor by galloping about the lot. Playfully I ran directly toward her, thinking only to frighten her. Not knowing my thought she started to run out of my way and, stumbling, fell directly in my path. I had no time

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to turn aside and I struck her with my foot and, only by sheer good luck, missed stepping upon her. I stopped as soon as possible and trotted back to where she lay on the ground.

The little girl's father had heard her scream as she fell and ran across the field to rescue her. When he reached the scene I was standing beside her, sorry but helpless. The father dropped on his knees beside the child and, for what seemed to me a long time, looked at, caressed and talked to her. At last her crying stopped and her father helped her to her feet.

Then he turned to me. I shall never forget how pleased I was when he smiled at me and said, "You certainly are a good colt." I felt

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that he knew I had meant no harm to my friend and it helped.

That little girl is a young woman now, but while I was in Oxford she continued to be a better friend than ever and since those days she has been to see me several times and always brings friends, to whom she tells the story of my part in her wonderful escape. I know she has taken a personal pride in all my triumphs and I am always happy to see her although she probably does not think that I remember her as my old-time playmate.

This experience taught me that it pays even for a horse to be kind and thoughtful. It has come back to me many times when I have been tempted to be otherwise and I shall

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always feel grateful, not only for this young woman's love, but for what she taught me. I believe that my popularity with the ladies, which has been so much written about, is really due in a large measure to my continual recollection of the little girl who taught me how pleasant it was to deserve and receive human kindness and love.

During the year following my arrival in Oxford I was asked to work more and more. I learned many things by being driven over the country roads outside the village. I discovered that I was never supposed to romp or run and that the easiest and swiftest way of going was by moving forward my right hind and right foreleg at the same time. That

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apparently suited every one and since those first days in harness I have seldom tried any other gait. I was well treated, well groomed and continually petted. In my drives I was never asked to go as fast as I could although I often wanted to try, being filled with good health and great spirit. Every time I started, however, I was made to know that I must not go too fast and learned that if I was to win the favor of my master I must take orders directly from him. I submitted because I had faith in his knowledge of what was best for me. I knew that some time he would ask me for greater efforts and I knew that I should be ready.

In the spring of my third year I met John Wattles, a kind old man

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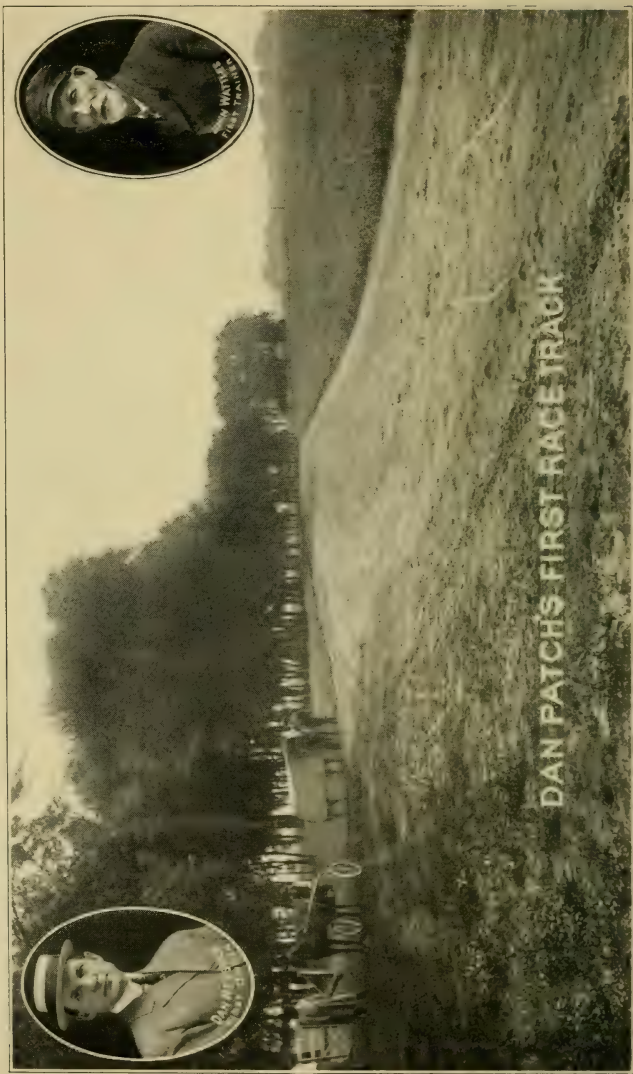
who soon convinced me that he had known and loved horses all his life. The old gentleman took charge of me and no one else was allowed to drive me. In the early summer, a few miles from my home, I was driven on the first track I ever saw. I enjoyed the fine, smooth footing and thrilled with the speed sensation. I was not allowed to go my fastest, but occasionally Mr. Wattles would give me rein for a short distance and it seemed as though I could really fly over the ground. I did not believe I could ever tire.

After this we paid almost daily visits to this track. Generally there was no one there when I was working, but occasionally there would be some visitors and a few times I was allowed

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to show off before them. I wanted to do my best and from the way they compared watches and smiled and nodded when they looked me over I knew that I had pleased them. I remember this track because it was my first one and because it was so pleasant.

Along one side there was a great grove of trees similar to those in my colthood pasture. I wondered whether this was the sort of race track my mother had tried to tell me of and whether I had begun the work of increasing our family's fame. I now know that this half-mile course at Oxford was made by simply scraping off a strip of sod around an old pasture and that while it was a good training ground for a colt it was a



Some of My Early Memories.

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heavy, slow and very primitive race track. Nevertheless I liked it and was proud to be driven there.

CHAPTER V.

MY FIRST RACE AND THE JOY OF WINNING.

My life was somewhat monotonous until the last of August, 1903. One morning in that racing month, I realized that there was something unusual in the preparations being made about the barn. I had an intuition that something important was to happen. In fact I had heard my owner and Mr. Wattles discussing me one day while they stood near my stall and from what I could understand they were very much pleased with me and Mr. Messner was determined that I should "go to the races."

The morning was bright and beau-

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tiful. I was hitched and, led behind a buggy, started out of town. I tingled with excitement. I felt sure that I was going to see something of the world that I had heard and dreamed about and hoped to conquer.

After a long and uneventful drive we came up to a barn in front of which were several blanketed horses being walked back and forth. I was untied and led into a little, dark box stall. I was tired and ready to rest. I had seen many strange things and knew instinctively that this was the beginning. Of what? I could only guess and hope. I did both.

On the next day, August 30th, I made my debut as a race horse. For the first time I saw a public race track and knew the wonderful exhil-

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aration of a race with other horses before a crowd of yelling people. Hundreds of times since then I have raced and given exhibitions before crowds that make this first one seem very insignificant but none of them can efface the memory of that first race track and that first crowd.

I was jogged on the track in the morning and in the afternoon I was allowed to step a little up and down the stretch. I was interested in the other horses, in the people and in all the new and strange sights. I thought all the people were looking at me, but now I know that I was a big and somewhat ungainly colt and could not have attracted a great amount of attention, at least not before the race.

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Finally with two other horses I was taken to the head of the stretch and started down toward the grandstand. I did not understand it. I insisted on being ahead and when I was commanded to stop I felt very much put out. My old trainer talked kindly to me and we raced in front of the grandstand and jogged back three times. I know now that we were merely "scoring" for a fair start. Then it all seemed foolish and I was close to being disgusted with the whole business when, on the fourth trial, some one shouted "Go!" and we were not called back.

I went away with one horse in front and one alongside. I was very nervous. I did not know what was expected of me nor what might

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happen. My driver kept a steady rein and talked to me encouragingly however and soon all fear left me and I wanted to rush ahead of that other horse. I knew I could. Mr. Wattles held me back and I shook my head and behaved a little badly. I forgot the people. I was filled with race and I only knew I wanted to beat that other horse. I heard the call to battle and I ached to win. We raced in this position one and a half times around the half mile track.

Then I felt the reins slacken ever so little. I heard "All right, Dan. Go on now," and I knew. I saw the people in the distance. I imagined they were expecting me to come on. I raced past my competitor and could hear him blowing from his exertions.

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I did not care for him. I felt strong and equal to any effort. I was soon far ahead and grew calm as I felt the lines tighten, and heard my driver say soothingly:

“Whoa, Dan. We’ve won this heat already. We must save something for the next one.”

We passed the stands but my blood was up and I did not want to be stopped even then. I finally consented, however, and was driven back past the yelling crowd and led away to the stables.

I don’t remember how I figured it out then, but I knew that I had won. There was something in the cheering, in the way people looked at me and men crowded around me that made me know. I felt the joy of winning.

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Every race horse and every man knows the thrill of it. The sensation was exhilarating then and it never lost its power over me. I won the other heats of that race and my career had begun.

Each day I looked and listened and learned. The more I saw the more convinced I was that worry was of no use. All that was necessary was to always do the best I could. That was the greatest lesson of my life. Since then I have taken things as they came. This is one of the great secrets of my success. It is one of the reasons why I have been easy to take care of, one reason why people have liked me and have always treated me well. The harder a horse or a man tries to do his best the more he is liked.

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Other things being equal it is the "don't worry" horse that wins. Perhaps this may apply to people. I discovered that the first horse under the wire is the horse that gets the money. The one that leads on the back stretch doesn't count. On no race course do they pay off at the three-quarter post. After my first race or two I just waited for the finish and then "nosed out" the others. That's a good way as long as you are sure of yourself and the other fellow.

I was carefully cared for and, leaving Boswell, took my first journey by train. I was shipped to Lafayette, Ind. It was a strange and unpleasant experience. The railroad train had its terrors and I suffered from nervous-

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ness but, reassured by Mr. Wattles, I soon decided that I would not be hurt and gradually became used to the bumping and squeezing and the queer, dizzy motions and sounds. I did not have the comforts I now enjoy in my private palace car, but I was young and discomforts did not bother me.

At Lafayette there were more horses together than I had before seen on a race track. We started in two tiers and I was in the second tier. There seemed to be horses and sulkies in every direction and when we finally got away there were many in front of me. My driver would not let me try to pass these horses until after the half mile had been reached, when, under a "heavy pull," I passed sev-

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eral of them but not in time to beat Milo S. under the wire. I was chagrined at this defeat. It was the first heat I had lost and, with one exception, the last. I knew, however, that it had not been my fault and in the other heats of the race I won easily and demonstrated my superiority to the satisfaction of everybody.

I was then taken to the half-mile track at Crawfordsville where American Belle did her best to beat me and made me pace the last quarter of one heat in thirty-one seconds. I was not bothered by this while the others were and in the following heats I found no one was able to give me a race. I started in what proved to be a "workout race" at Brazil and later

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went a trial mile over a half-mile track in 2:10. I was then shipped home to rest, to get ready for future efforts and to dream of what I might accomplish.

CHAPTER VI.

MY FIRST KNOWLEDGE OF DEATH AND ITS RESULT.

The next spring I was a five-year-old and supposed to be a seasoned race horse. I was turned over for training to Myron McHenry, a driver of reputation and one who produced results. At times I missed the gentle watchfulness of my old trainer, but I was intent upon winning races and had little time or thought for anything save what I might gain by repeated victories. I appreciated that I was in the hands of an experienced reinsman and usually was willing to take orders from him without objection.

My faith in him was somewhat

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shaken, however, at Brighton Beach on August 16th. In a race with seven starters I was forced to take the other horses' dust all the way around and, despite my efforts down the stretch, I finished fourth in the slow time of 2:09, being beaten by Martha Marshal, Major Muscovite and Patsy K. I was indignant that my driver should have made me lose a heat that I could have won so easily.

I could not understand it at the time. How could I have understood? I knew nothing of pool selling. I remember now that Mr. McHenry was called to the judges' stand and he was there, evidently in very earnest conversation, as I was led away to the barns. My owner was also on the grounds and he looked

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cross and worried but did not talk much.

McHenry's interview with the judges must have been very much to the point for matters were entirely different in the next heat. McHenry drove but there was no holding back. I won as I pleased in 2:04½ and this ended all discussion about which was the best horse. I never lost another heat in a race. The other heats of this race, as those of all my other races during the season, were won with ease.

Little by little I learned more of race track practice and etiquette. I heard discussions about "book making" and "fixed racing" but my phenomenal speed and determination to win gave my driver little chance

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to do anything crooked had he so desired. Each heat I paced gave me added confidence and before the end of the season I felt sure that I could outpace any horse in harness.

During the year I won races at Windsor, Detroit, Cleveland, Columbus, Buffalo, Brighton Beach, Readville, Providence, Hartford, Cincinnati, Lexington and Memphis. In the fall of 1901 I was taken back to Oxford and I knew that I was looked upon as the coming world's champion. I was the hero of the little town that had always been my home and was pleased with the praise and admiration that I so plainly excited among the townspeople.

Among those who were first to welcome me upon my return was the

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little girl who had been my playmate two years before. I had grown from a colt to a seasoned race horse and she was also growing up, but we were still friends. She brought me sugar and I tried in every way I could to show my appreciation and to let her know that I remembered her.

Shortly after my home coming, I overheard a conversation between Messner and others concerning my value. They said that several people had tried to buy me for large sums of money and that all offers had been refused. My owner announced that I was a gold mine and that he did not believe any one could offer enough money to induce him to part with me. I was proud that I had been the

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means of giving him pleasure and fortune and I was resolved that he should never regret his decision not to sell me.

One day, not long after my return, there was a great commotion in our barn. People ran back and forth, talking excitedly. The stall next to mine was the center of interest. I could not see nor tell what was going on, but the next morning I overheard a groom say that my stable mate, a very valuable young horse, had died during the night. It was believed that the animal had been poisoned and Mr. Messner thought it had been done intentionally by some one who was jealous of his unusual success.

I was sorry for the loss of my young companion. He had been taken at

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the beginning of a most promising career. I could not keep from applying the happening to myself. How terrible it would be to have to give up my hopes and aspirations! I trembled with an appreciation of the numbing power of the grim visitor. I wondered when my turn would come and fervently hoped that at least it would not be until I had lived my life and won my title to fame. The sad news gave me food for much reflection and created a new determination to live my life to the full while it lasted, but I did not realize what an effect it would have upon my destiny.

Later I heard that on this same morning Mr. Messner wired McHenry in New York that he would accept

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\$20,000 for me. He explained to his friends that he was afraid to keep me since I might be the next victim of his enemies. McHenry immediately wired back that he would accept the offer. He met Mr. Messner in Chicago two days later, closed the deal and, seventy-two hours after the colt's death, McHenry was in Oxford to take possession of me. I did not then understand what it was all about and wondered that I should be blanketed and shipped away from my comfortable home at that time of the year. I was taken to New York, where I wintered.

I had good quarters, but I missed the old familiar surroundings and I was impatient for the coming of summer, for the crowds, the music

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and the struggle. I felt that I only needed the opportunity to make every one admit that I was the fastest horse in the world.

At last spring came and, after the spring training, the summer of 1902. This season brought work in plenty. I defeated Harold H., 2:04; Searchlight, 2:03 $\frac{1}{4}$; Connor, 2:03 $\frac{1}{4}$; Indiana, 2:04 $\frac{3}{4}$; and Riley H. in races at Windsor, Detroit and Cleveland. This was the end of my racing career.

From the time I first left my Indiana home until July 22nd, 1902, I paced fifty-six contested heats, lost but two and did not lose a race. I was not to blame for the two heats I lost. I could have won both of them easily had I been given the chance and I have never known how it felt not to

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be certain that I was the fastest horse on the track. I would have continued to race, but there were no other horses that could make it interesting. I had long believed this. At last every one admitted it.

CHAPTER VII.

I DECLARE WAR AGAINST THE WATCH.

I was shipped to Columbus, Ohio, and on August 2nd, 1902, I experienced for the first time the sensation of racing against a running horse and, that hardest of all competitors, the stop watch. It was a new game to me then and I was full of confidence in my ability to beat even Father Time himself. Since that day at Columbus I have not lost confidence in my own ability, but I have gained a vast respect for the stop watch. Nearly a hundred times during the intervening eight years I have made attempts to lower track, state and world records.

Many times I have been successful,

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as the world knows. Many more times I have been forced to admit the superiority of never-tiring time. It has been a war with many battles. Each engagement has called forth my best endeavors. I have always tried and my owners and admirers have never been more pleased with my victories than have I myself.

Few people realize the great difference between a mile in 1:55 and one in 2:03. No man fully knows what a little mud, a little roughness or a little wind means to the stout-hearted horse trying to reach the coveted wire at his highest speed. The discouragements of these adverse conditions are heart-breaking. Every great effort gives either the ecstatic joy of victory or the stinging sadness of defeat and

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I have found the latter much more common.

Did you ever watch college athletes in a hundred yard dash? If you did, you saw human muscle and energy and nerve taxed to the utmost. If you did, you saw a human being moving at top speed. If you were fortunate enough to see high class sprinters you saw the distance covered in less than eleven seconds and when, winded and throbbing from the effort, the winner was blanketed and led back by the stands to the paddock, if the time hung out was ten seconds flat, then indeed was a hero crowned.

This supreme human effort results in a speed of thirty feet per second. Think then of a speed of 45.91 feet

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per second sustained, not for 100 yards (300 feet), but for one mile (5,280 feet). Think of the power, the muscle, the nerve, the will required of any animal to produce this flight of speed so long sustained. I have proved that a horse has these powers and is capable of this effort.

Only a horse can know what one of these terrific miles means. We are not credited with knowing or with feeling, but we do both. I know what it means when I am taken out before thousands of spectators, when the bands play, when the people shout their approval. It is an old experience now and still the sensation is ever new. I am proud of the honor given me and of the love of these people. I know that they expect

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me to go faster than any other horse has ever gone. I know that I can do it, but that I can do it only if the wind and weather and track are as they should be. Many times I have battled against that steadily ticking watch when I knew that I could not win. Still I believe that every one will admit that I have always tried.

I enjoy the early part of an exhibition performance, when every time I jog past the packed stands, a shout of welcome and approval goes up. I try to let the people know that I appreciate their enthusiastic receptions and, when I am jogging and pacing my warming-up miles I enjoy looking over the crowd and bowing a greeting, but after all these pleasant preliminaries comes the grim struggle.

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My experience at Lexington in October, 1908, is somewhat typical; at least it shows how entirely dependent we are upon circumstances. It gives a little idea of the long, hard battle against odds that I fought to lower my record second by second until it stands by itself. That mile was one of the last of my great efforts and very possibly my impressions of it are somewhat composite. If they are colored by other experiences they may prove no less interesting. At any rate the following is an accurate account of the facts and my impressions of that memorable afternoon.

The track is dragged. All the other horses have been taken to the stables and, as I score with my two faithful pacemakers, Cobweb and "Mag the

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Rag," an intense silence settles over the people, but not one in the vast assembly is more interested or more excited than I, just a plain, brown horse pulling a white sulky.

We score twice more. I do not mind the scoring now. It is part of the "game" and I know that everything has to be just right when we start on the real test of speed and endurance. The fourth time I know that I am ready and that my driver is. We swing down the stretch toward the wire. There is not a skip or a quiver. Cobweb in front is going as evenly as a gasoline engine and I am as close to him as my driver will allow. We glide under the wire at exactly a two-minute clip. The expected "go" of the starter

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sounds merely mechanical. I know it is only the signal for the click of the timers' watches against which I am racing and my mind is too intent upon my work to notice the now familiar word.

The pace seems slow. I have never been able to get over the desire to go faster at the start and still I know that all the strength I have will be called into play before I again turn into the home stretch and so I have learned not to fret or waste a particle of energy. I simply keep as close as possible to the spinning wheels of the sulky in front and wonder what the end will be. We hug the fence. I do not need to be guided because I know better than any one that the shortest mile is the one near-

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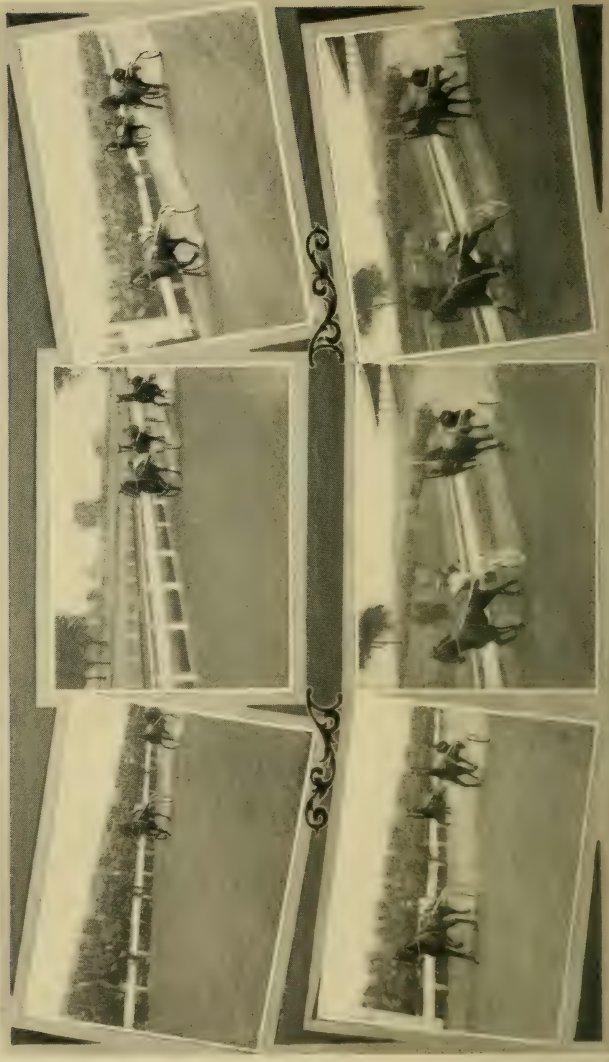
est the "pole." Left to myself I would never go a "wide mile" no matter what the track and we never do when the footing close in is good at all.

I know that the first half mile will be easy. I have never gone to the half without feeling that I could have gone faster. We pass the quarter mile pole in twenty-nine seconds and I know that is according to schedule. We turn into the back stretch. Cobweb responds to the shouted order of my driver. The pace quickens, but it is easy to keep up. We flash past the half in $56\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, a 1:53 gait. Again it is as planned. I feel strong and ready for redoubled efforts. I have forgotten the people, the wind, the weather, everything. I am filled with only one desire—to

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win a new world's record. I believe I can do it. Everything seems possible to me now and as we pass the five-eighths pole I keep thinking over and over to myself "I must win! I will win!"

I have not lost an inch from the now fairly flying pacemaker in front and I do not realize that every nerve and muscle is strained to near the breaking point. We are at the three-quarters pole in 1:25, two seconds faster than when I made my world's record at Hamline in 1907. As we turn into the stretch, for the first time I feel the terrific strain. It is terrible but I must, I will go on. My driver has not said a word of encouragement. I have not needed it before, but now I wonder if he is not going to help me.



One of My Record Miles; From a Moving Picture Film.

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The multitude of people and the judges' stand are only a dim blur in the distance and it seems, oh, so great a distance! "I will win!" I gain a few inches on the pacemaker, whose driver is now using the whip.

We are at the seven-eighths pole when suddenly Cobweb wobbles, slows down. I feel a quick pull on the bit and swerve to one side to clear the sulky wheel in front of me. The quick sideward motion almost throws me off my stride, but I recover without a break. Wonder at the cause of the trouble, thought of my running mate, fear for myself and all fatigue leave me as I hear my driver call on me for a last effort. I realize that but a second before I had a world's record within my grasp. I may still win it.

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I put forth one of the greatest efforts of my life. I rush on and under the wire alone. Cobweb has fallen back to a place alongside. I slow down. A death-like stillness has settled over the multitude while the timers compare watches. I throb with the exertion and I listen for the signs of victory or defeat, but in my heart I know that I was too late, that the chance of a lifetime has been lost. I turn round and walk back toward the excited thousands in the stands and on the track and my lack of breath and weariness is forgotten in the heart-breaking consciousness that I have failed.

That it was no fault of mine, that I finished the mile in 1:56 $\frac{1}{4}$, several seconds faster than any other horse

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ever paced a mile, and that the multitude is giving me an ovation do not compensate me for the victory lost. Lost because of a broken blood vessel over Cobweb's eye! It was nothing serious to him, but to me and to my owner, driver and friends it meant a loss that I shall never be able to make up.

CHAPTER VIII.

I MOVE TO MY MINNESOTA HOME.

I did not know all of these things that August day when I first paced against time at Columbus. I started to beat $2:01\frac{1}{4}$, the record of my famous sire. It was all strange to me and, as I remember it now, I hardly knew what it was all about until I had finished the mile and my time of $2:00\frac{3}{4}$ was hung up. I had lowered the family record but I knew that I could have gone faster. I was disappointed. Of course I liked the people's enthusiasm and as a result of it I resolved to do better. I could and I felt I owed it to myself as well as to the public.

Some way nothing has ever satis-

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fied me but my utmost. My lesser efforts have brought praise but not satisfaction. I have always figured that I had to live with myself and a knowledge that I had done my best made me a better companion.

From Columbus I was shipped to Brighton Beach, where an immense crowd watched me try to lower the record of that great pacer, Star Pointer. The weather was unfavorable and the pacemakers were not driven properly in the first quarter. When I was ready the pacemakers were in the way and when they were out of the way I could not make my tiring legs move as they should. I tied my Columbus mark of 2:00 $\frac{3}{4}$.

At Readville I started to beat 2:00 $\frac{3}{4}$. In the first trial I struck

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my sulky wheel with my hind leg and the pain caused me to jump into a break and I was pulled up and jogged under the wire. Thirty minutes afterwards I started again and easily paced a mile in $2:00\frac{1}{4}$, thus bettering the record of John R. Gentry. This left but one mark between me and the world's record, that of Star Pointer.

At Providence, R. I., I reduced my own record, paced my first mile under two minutes and came within a quarter of a second of tying Star Pointer's mark of $1:59\frac{1}{4}$. At the Readville Breeders' meeting, before a mammoth crowd, I tied Star Pointer's and the world's mile record and the enthusiastic reception given me after the effort was one that I shall never forget.

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Over a hard track at New York I paced two miles, but failed to lower my record and at Syracuse, N. Y., before a record-breaking crowd, failed again but aroused great enthusiasm by pacing a mile in $2:00\frac{1}{4}$. Next I paced a mile in two minutes over the Belmont Park track at Philadelphia and was then shipped to Davenport, Iowa, where I lowered the track record to 2:01, a feat which I duplicated at Terre Haute a few days later.

I paced a mile in the mud in 2:03 at Cincinnati and was then shipped to Memphis, where I tried twice to lower the world's record, but circumstances were against me. The best I could do was $2:00\frac{3}{4}$.

This closed my 1902 season and I

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was shipped back to New York.

In December of this year I was purchased by M. W. Savage of Minneapolis for \$60,000. One thing about my lot that hurts is that I can be sold for mere money. It is humiliating but it is custom and I have tried to accept it as such. A grain of comfort lies in the knowledge that it took more money to buy me than was ever paid for any other pacer. Now I know that I am not for sale. Money could not induce my owner to part with me, as he has refused \$180,000 and I believe would refuse many times that amount.

I went to Minnesota with fear in my heart. I had heard of the cold and the storms of the northern country and I did not believe that I could

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be comfortable or happy there. It was a long ship, but my reception in the Mill City was so enthusiastic that my fears began to disappear. That first winter, 1903, I was quartered in the stable at Mr. Savage's city home. I was exercised to sleigh. I made friends with Mr. Savage's son and his boy friends and a few times they were allowed to drive me.

It was thought strange that such a valuable horse as I should be trusted to any one but an expert. Those who were surprised did not know me. They did not realize that a horse has sense, recognizes his friends and knows enough to take care of himself. Often the cold, bracing Minnesota air filled me with a desire to jump and run, but I remembered

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what was expected of me and I had learned, through my early training, that I must take no chances of being injured and must conserve my energies for the efforts that were to make me more famous. So passed the first winter in Minnesota. I won friends who have been my friends ever since and the people who had to care for me learned to know and depend on me.

This winter I became acquainted with Charlie Plummer, who has ever since been a most faithful caretaker. He has worked days and nights and, in spite of my owner's Methodism, he has worked Sundays to keep my condition as perfect as possible. I believe that the unremitting care he gave me has been, in large part, responsible for my ability to keep

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going. He has always seemed to understand whatever aches or pains or strains I had. He has helped me out and has made me ready for great efforts when, without him, I should have been unable to keep my engagements.

In 1903, still in charge of Mr. McHenry, I filled fifteen engagements over good, bad and indifferent tracks at widely separated places and paced seven miles under two minutes, two of them to wagon. Everywhere I was given royal receptions and at the end of the season I had won the world's record for two miles, one mile, a half mile and a mile to wagon and I was the undisputed champion harness horse of the world. My ambitions had been gratified. I was in a

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class by myself, but I was far from being satisfied. I knew that I had not reached my limit and, later on, I proved it.

CHAPTER IX.

MY FIGHT FOR LIFE.

In 1904 I was driven for the first time by Harry Hersey, who has since been my trainer and driver. Right here I had better say just what I think of Hersey and get it out of my system. I do not believe he had ever handled high class horses before he took charge of me. He was extremely fortunate in taking me just when I had learned the racing and the exhibition games thoroughly, had mastered the art of sustaining for an entire mile my extreme flights of speed and was prepared, by experience, for the greatest performances of my career. As those who have read this far know, I was very ambitious and

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never spared any effort to win new laurels. These things all helped to make my trainer's task an easy one. Of course I continued to "go on" and of course Hersey was given great credit therefor. To just how much of this he was entitled I will leave it for the reader to judge.

This I can say for him. He was industrious and his theory and work in preparing me for supreme efforts were masterful. He never asked of me more than I was physically fit to do. But when it came to driving me almost any one could have done as well. I never felt the love for him that was inspired by my first driver nor the confidence in his ability and courage that I felt when McHenry was up behind me. Perhaps

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I am an egotist but I have always resented the oft-repeated statement that "Hersey made Dan Patch." My honest opinion is that Dan Patch made Hersey. However this may be, we worked together in harmony as we both strove to attain the same object—the winning of new world's records.

My early exhibitions of this first year under Hersey's direction were over a number of bad tracks, but I did the best I could and I believe those who know will bear me out when I say that, conditions considered, I did not give a bad speed exhibition.

About the middle of September I had my first and practically my only experience with severe sickness. I

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was at Tokepa, Kansas. The day before I was booked to give an exhibition I was suddenly taken with awful pains in my stomach. I suffered so that I cannot remember much of what happened. It is all like a terrible dream. I knew there was great excitement. I remember fighting to be free from my caretakers. It seemed that I must run or roll or do something to stop the pain. I was crazed with it.

For nineteen hours I fought and rolled and suffered. Men came and went and worked over me. At last the pain stopped. I rested, exhausted by my fight for life. I recall that when I regained partial consciousness I recognized my owner, summoned by telegram. I knew

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dimly that my trainer, caretaker and three or four grave-faced men, probably veterinarians, were in my stall. They were all watching me and evidently resting from strenuous work. A group of horsemen was standing near the door and I weakly wondered but was content to rest.

Later I realized that these men were talking in subdued tones and were expressing opinions, theories, beliefs and hopes. I understood that I had been a very sick horse, that I had stood in the shadow. I heard one of them say that probably I would live but that I would not be able to do much for a long time. I did not care then. I was too tired. All I knew was that I must rest. I forgot the sore and raw places that com-

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pletely covered my body and slept. When I awoke I felt more like myself and knew that I would soon be well and strong again.

My courage and spirit returned rapidly and my strength grew in proportion. After a day's rest I was shipped home and soon was working on the farm track. A week later I heard Hersey say that I was "rounding to in great shape."

That was enough. I was demonstrating the value of nerve and ambition, even in a horse, and I tried harder than ever. After a few more days' jogging I was shipped to Springfield, Ill., and surprised every one by pacing an exhibition mile in 2:04. I felt like myself again and was ready for any sort of a trial.

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On October 24th, at Memphis, Tenn., scarcely a month after my sickness, I lowered the world's record by pacing a mile in 1:56. I also had the honor of clipping a second off the world's record for a mile over a half-mile track at Oklahoma City on November 18th.

That I had a remarkably robust constitution was proven by this speedy recovery and return to championship form. It has since done much to make my life easy. Before and since this sickness in Kansas I have scarcely known what ill-health was and I am sure that a long life, free from physical suffering, remains for me.

CHAPTER X.

MY SEASONS OF '05 AND '06.

I was prepared for my 1905 season on the International farm track. My first start was made at the Minnesota State Fair on September 1st before sixty thousand people. I paced a mile in 1:59½, and on Saturday of the same week repeated the performance in two seconds' better time. After giving an exhibition at the Indiana State Fair I was shipped to Allentown, Pa., where, before a crowd of more than eighty thousand people, I lowered the world's record for a mile on a half-mile track to 2:01. It has remained there ever since.

One of the most enthusiastic receptions I have ever enjoyed was given

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me at Lexington the fall of this year, when I again lowered the world's record, pacing the mile in 1:55 $\frac{1}{4}$. The memory of this scene when the warm-hearted, horse-loving Kentuckians vied with each other in expressing their joy and admiration, is one of the most pleasant in my collection. I was given one of the most beautiful wreaths of flowers that I ever have received and altogether the day was an intensely happy one.

Immediately after my efforts at Lexington I paid my first visit to Canada. At Toronto on October 20th I lowered the Canadian half-mile track record three seconds. I was then shipped away back to Memphis, Tenn., where, after two unsuccessful trials, I finally succeeded in

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lowering the world's unpaced record by pacing a mile in 1:58.

For the uninitiated I will say that an unpaced mile, according to the rules of the National and American Trotting Associations, is one in which the running pacemaker does not precede the harness horse trying for a record. My miles against time, from the beginning, had been paced with one pacemaker in front and one behind or alongside. I had grown used to following the steady going "Cobweb" and no matter how fast he ran I never let him take the back of his driver far from my nose. I suppose this pacemaker is something of a windbreak. At least many people claim it is, but to me it is more of a gauge of pace and an inspiration.

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The habit had grown strong with me and without this incentive a fast mile was much more difficult. I have been asked several times to go "in the open." Four times I have equalled $1:59\frac{1}{4}$, the world's unpaced mile record, until Minor Heir lowered it to $1:58\frac{1}{2}$ in 1910.

At Memphis I outdid all former efforts and went in 1:58. This is the fastest mile ever paced "in the open." I was not given credit for it in the official records, however, as the men "higher up" ruled that I had a "lower record, another way of going." That is to say I had a record of $1:55\frac{1}{4}$, made with a running pacemaker in front. This way of going was formerly recognized and horses given credit in the official records for these

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performances. In 1904, for some unpublished reason, the rules committee of the American Trotting Association decided that, in order to get a record, a horse must not be preceded at any part of the mile by a running pacemaker.

That is the reason my official record is 1:55 $\frac{1}{4}$ instead of 1:55, the latter mark having been made after the above ruling. Nevertheless 1:55 is my record in the popular mind and also my mile in 1:58 is recognized by horsemen as one of my greatest efforts and the fastest mile ever paced by any harness horse without a pacemaker in front. It is hard to understand the reasoning of the officials who refused to allow this record, but I suppose they thought they were

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right and really it doesn't make much difference.

From Memphis I was shipped to Minneapolis, where I was met by a band and enjoyed a procession up Nicollet Avenue, cheered by thousands of the horse-loving citizens of my home town. This recognition was gratifying. My friends felt that the fact that I had traveled six thousand miles, lowered four world's records and appeared before two hundred and fifty thousand people in seventy days was enough to warrant some little demonstration on their part.

During the following winter, as during the winter of 1903-1904, I was kept at Mr. Savage's town home and was given my exercise hitched to a

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sleigh and driven about the city. This was my last winter in town, however, and since then I have spent all of my time, between exhibition seasons, on the International Stock Farm at Savage, Minn.

In 1906 I traveled from Canada to Alabama, but the principal event of the season occurred on the Minnesota State Fair grounds, where I appeared on September 3rd before a crowd of over ninety thousand people and again on September 8th, when I made permanent horse history.

It was before a great crowd and in the presence of my owner and many of his friends on our own state fair track that I paced this great mile. It was a supreme effort. I had been on several tracks faster than was the

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one at Hamline, but I presume there was never a more perfect day and my condition was ideal.

I went to the half at a terrific clip and the slightly uneven footing tired me to such an extent that at the three-quarter pole I almost lost heart. My feet felt as though they were weighted with lead and for a second I could not respond to the call made upon me for the finish. Then I saw the expectant thousands who filled the stands and overflowed upon the track. I knew that my owner and friends were there and were hoping, yes, even praying; and that the multitude was calling upon me to "come on."

I forgot everything to answer them with a burst of speed that I would

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have thought impossible a few seconds before. As I finished, the multitude seemed to hold its breath. I turned and was walking back toward the stands when the new world's record of 1:55 was hung out by the timers. My greeting was the tumultuous cheers of thousands who paid tribute to my speed and endurance and thus proclaimed me the greatest of living harness horses.

Some experts with the stop watch insist that my mile was a fraction of a second better than that. However, the time hung out was 1:55 and the wild applause seemed to indicate that 1:55 was sufficient. I was happy that I should have accomplished the feat at home and I felt fully repaid for my straining effort.

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Never before was I made to feel so certainly that I had done something wonderful. The people told me in every possible way and I thrilled with a pride that even those who knew me never guessed. Men, women and children vied with each other and with the bands, in noisy efforts to celebrate the making of a new world's record. Thousands of enthusiastic people crowded onto the race track and almost fought to get near me as I was unhitched and led away to the stables. A dozen policemen were unable to hold back the eager crowd and, as I walked triumphant through the press, I was patted and talked to and some people even went so far as to pull hair from my tail—souvenirs, I guess, that perhaps are now part of

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watch chains. Even these familiarities did not bother me then. I was exalted by all the mad rejoicing and knew little but the joy of my great victory. I cannot analyze nor describe my feelings of that hour, but I can recall vividly the sensation and I shall always treasure it.

CHAPTER XI.

1907 AND A SERIOUS INJURY.

The season of 1907 was taken up with a number of exhibitions and we traveled nearly eight thousand miles. Favorable weather and track conditions could not be secured, however, and after two miles under two minutes at Phoenix, Arizona, I was shipped to the home farm for the winter. I had won new friends, but no new world's records.

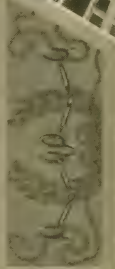
It was in September of this year that I had the opportunity of making some people understand that I knew more than horses are usually given credit for. The incident happened at Columbus, Ohio, and has often been referred to as proof of my right

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to the title of "The Horse that Knows."

I was advertised to start in an effort to lower my record of 1:55 at the Columbus Grand Circuit Meeting. Forty-eight hours before the scheduled exhibition I had been worked and was prepared for my cooling out walk. In leaving the stable I did not notice the low place in front of the sill and my front foot slipped over and into it. I "knuckled over" and severely wrenched the cords over my right ankle. I did not mind it much at first but, as I walked, my leg pained me more and more.

Soon Plummer led me, limping painfully, to my stall and in less than an hour my sore leg was being bandaged, poulticed and in fact was the



How I Spend My Time on the International Farm.

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object of unusual attention. Hersey was called and he made a careful examination. Two more horsemen looked at the injured member and passed judgment. "Well, I don't know, but I am afraid I can't start him," was Hersey's disconsolate statement. I was afraid also and I felt my ankle swelling and soon it pained me even while standing in the stall.

I do not know all that was done but I know that the next day I was examined by several horse doctors including a very eminent authority, who I heard had been summoned from Chicago. They all shook their heads, looked serious and held close conferences. I was subjected to hot applications and blisters and all of them only made the pain seem

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worse until I became discouraged and knew that I could not pace a mile the next day.

I was allowed to rest until about two o'clock the next afternoon. Then I was groomed and harnessed and I began to fear that they were going to ask me to give an exhibition in spite of my lameness. I tried to show my caretakers that I did not want to go. I objected to the harness and bit and Plummer had to talk to, pet and coax me through each stage of the preparation.

Finally I limped to the track gate. My driver was there dressed in his white coat and cap and apparently ready for one of the miles that had made me famous. I knew I could try but I believed it impossible for

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me to do anything creditable and any kind of a mile would cause me untold pain. I saw the multitude in the stands. I heard the bands. I knew people were watching and waiting for the world's champion and that they would see only a limping horse. My pride was hurt. I would not go out and parade my weakness before the thousands who expected so much. For the first time in my life I hated the crowds and the music. I would not go. It was rank injustice and I would not submit to it. For the first and last time I balked.

Hersey had mounted the sulky. He spoke gently to me. I planted my front feet and shook my head. He spoke more sharply. I would not

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move. Could they—would they not understand?

Plummer stepped to my head and asked me to come on. No, I would not. I felt the lines tighten. For almost the first time in my life I felt the sting of a whip. I grew more stubborn. I would not move. I only shook my head, hoping they would understand. A number of the horse-men standing around the gate came closer and stood in astonishment to see Dan Patch refusing to do what was asked of him.

At length, after fifteen minutes of persuasion, some one said, "He seems to know that he can't do himself justice and he doesn't want to be humiliated, but we've got to show that howling mob that he's really

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lame or we'll never live to tell how it happened."

That changed everything. I was only going to be shown. The people were entitled to that. All my resistance ceased and I walked slowly, limpingly through the gate and down the track past the expectant thousands. A wave of recognition passed over the multitude, then silence! I limped painfully and kept my head down as far as the check rein would permit and shook it to tell them, as best I could, that I was sorry and didn't want to be there. I didn't look at the stands. I didn't want to see any one. I was grieved and ashamed.

The silence was broken by a few exclamations as people began to real-

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ize that I was really lame and probably suffering. The "ohs" multiplied until the thousands united in a low, soothing chorus of kindness and sympathy that was most affecting. I knew I was understood and I went back to the stable suffering but happy. It helped wonderfully to know that people believed in me and could sympathize with the suffering of even a horse.

CHAPTER XII.

1908 AND 1909—A RIVAL FAVORITE.

We started the season of 1908 with a great hurrah and a new world's record. This was a workout mile on the farm track in 2:00. It was on August 11th and a number of newspaper men were guests of my master. I had been having a lot of preliminary work and when I saw the sporting editors and the two runners on the track as I came out for my third heat I knew something out of the ordinary was on the program.

I never felt better. The day was perfect and the track lightning fast. We got away at a two-minute clip and it seemed slow. I felt that there was no limit to my speed and I was

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annoyed that Nash, driving "Cobweb," would not get out of my way. I shook my head that I wanted to go faster but my signals were unheeded. We did not vary the pace and I finished without any exhaustion.

As I came back to where my visitors were waiting, my owner hurried up to me and patting me on the neck said, "Good boy, Dan, the world will never see another like you." I was happy and knew that I had done something remarkable although it had seemed commonplace enough.

As Plummer started me toward the barn I heard one of the sporting editors say, "Wonderful! Every eighth in fifteen seconds and every quarter in thirty seconds! That's surely the greatest workout in history!"

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"I'm afraid it is," replied Hersey.
"I didn't want to go a mile like that."

"But I did and I wish it had been faster" I wanted to say, but my opinion was not asked.

The workout had no bad results and I was ready for greater efforts if opportunity had been kind to me. The rest of the season, however, was uneventful since we spent most of the time waiting for an opportunity to try for a world's record on a good track. This opportunity did not present itself until at Lexington, Ky., when, after a bad start, I finally got away and went to the three-quarter pole two seconds faster than when I made my mile in 1:55. Then the broken blood vessel, of which I have already told you, prevented the fastest of all fast miles.

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Six years after he bought me Mr. Savage bought Minor Heir, a pacer of unusual speed and a good disposition. I remember when he was first brought to the farm in December, 1908. It was a cold, winter day and I was surprised at having the usual quiet of the stable interrupted by the preparation of a stall across from mine and the excitement incident to having another champion brought to his new home.

I had heard much of the performances of this great son of Heir-at-Law, but had never seen him until the day following his arrival, when we were jogged on the half mile track at the same time. I felt instinctively that this horse was my rival and I looked him over very carefully. I noticed

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with some satisfaction that he was my inferior in size, but had to admit that he was perfectly proportioned and that his way of going was smooth and beautiful to behold. I noticed that he was driven with blinders, an indignity I never suffered. I explained this on the ground that the younger horse seemed nervous. And I derived a little pleasure out of the wicked thought that this defect would not help to make him popular.

The newcomer was lighter in color than I, but the seal brown of his coat, contrasted with his black mane and tail, made him truly attractive. During the spring and early summer training of 1909 we became better acquainted. Little by little, however, I understood the attitude of my owner,

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trainer and friends and I knew that my place was secure. I grew to admire Minor Heir's many good qualities and knew that he had unusual speed, but felt confident that there was no chance of his beating me when I was in condition. Gradually we became friends and since I have tested him under the trying conditions of travel and on the race track, I desire to see him succeed. If any one ever lowers my world's records I hope it will be this great little horse.

The season of 1909 was filled with travel, experiences, exhibitions and many discomforts. Minor Heir and I were booked to appear in a number of match races on various tracks throughout the United States. In all we traveled about thirteen thou-

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sand miles. An injury to one of my legs made it impossible for me to appear at a number of fairs where our race was scheduled. I regretted this more than my trainers or the public could have done. Later in the season, however, I improved and paced several exhibition races, the majority of which I won.

We toured the south and at Shreveport, La., our popularity and the zeal of our caretakers came near resulting disastrously. One day my afternoon nap was interrupted by an unusual commotion. I overheard a heated argument between some would-be visitors and the men in charge of our stable. While I was not a witness I have heard the incident discussed so many times that I know the

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details. The visitors were informed that they could not see Minor Heir nor myself and thereupon one of them tried to force his way into Minor Heir's stall. Our blacksmith and one or two of our caretakers resisted. A fight followed, in which the visitors came out second best. A policeman was called and the entire party landed in jail. The difficulty was adjusted, however, and except for the fact that we had an extra guard of friends during the next two nights things went on as usual.

We gave an exhibition a few days later and were received with every evidence of enthusiasm by an immense crowd of generous, genuine horse lovers. From Shreveport we were shipped to Phoenix, Arizona,

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where both Minor Heir and I paced our fastest miles of the season.

At Los Angeles, Cal., on November 25th and December 4th, we gave exhibitions before enthusiastic crowds of people who knew and appreciated high class horses. After my last exhibition mile on December 4th, when I was being led back to receive a beautiful wreath of roses and chrysanthemums, I could not help limping very perceptibly. A hushed silence fell over the throng and I could hear many expressions of sympathy which I appreciated.

CHAPTER XIII.

A LOS ANGELES ADVENTURE.

My quarters, while in the Southern California city, were at old Agricultural Park, since rebuilt. It was then a run-down, mossy, lonesome, spooky place at best. At night it was worse.

Nearly morning on a damp, cold, foggy night I was standing half awake and half asleep, when I heard whispering in front of my stall. I listened without moving. Then came a little rasping sound, a squeak and a rattle as the staple holding the lock was jerked out and fell to the ground. The door slowly opened. A head appeared out of the gray blackness and a man whispered, "He's all right. Come on."

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I was not so sure that I was all right and as the two stealthily entered I backed away from them and turned so as to protect myself in case they showed undue familiarity. One of the men stood by the door while the other came toward me cautiously, holding out his hand in a way that I would have recognized in the daytime as meaning a lump of sugar. I did not like the look of things, however, and was not to be trapped. As fast as the intruder moved toward my head I moved my heels. When I had turned nearly round in my stall so that I faced the man standing by the door he stepped forward and reached up as though to grasp my foretop.

I repelled this attack by a vicious

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snap of my teeth, at the same time keeping my eye on the man still trying to approach me from the rear. I was not sure but that the visitors had a right there and I did not feel warranted in openly attacking them, but I was determined to know that their business was legitimate before I gave them any advantage. The three of us continued to maneuver for positions for several minutes until finally the man who had first entered the stall evidently became discouraged and stood still.

After a moment's quiet he exclaimed in a hoarse whisper, "I don't know what's the matter with him. I never saw him act like this before. I guess he's wise that we have no business here at this time of night."

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I thought I recognized familiar tones in his voice and turned half around to try to get a better view. Taking heart at my change of position the man again held out his hand, saying coaxingly, "Daniel, old boy, don't you know me? Come over here and have some sugar. Nobody is going to hurt you."

That made all the difference in the world. I recognized the intruder as the publicity man for our combination and felt sure that his errand, even at this time of night, was a friendly one. I let him approach and eagerly accepted the proffered lump of sugar. As I munched this and looked for more my friend stroked my nose and patted my neck and grew somewhat confidential.

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“I thought you wouldn’t forget your old friend,” he whispered between pats. “You’ve a wise old head and I don’t blame you for being suspicious of visitors who call on you at such unfashionable hours. We aren’t going to let any harm come to you, Dan, and if you will be good and help us out we’ll pull off the best advertising stunt you ever heard of.”

As he continued I felt more at ease, partially due to repeated trips to his pocket which seemed to contain an inexhaustible supply of sugar.

“I might as well let you in on the whole game as I think you will appreciate it and we need your co-operation,” continued my friend as he handed me another lump and put his arm affectionately about my neck.

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“You see we have about run dry on the regular dope and something’s got to be done to get the people excited. The answer is that you are to be kidnapped. Now don’t get excited. You are to be properly cared for and you will be returned in due season. We have it all framed up. If we can get you out of this bloomin’ stall and safely away from the fair grounds you will soon be hidden in a deserted house near by that we have fitted up as comfortably as you could wish.

“We are taking hay, feed and water and you will be as snug as a bug in a rug until you are opportunely discovered by some brave detectives. We will leave for our friend Hersey, a villainous looking scrawl in which he is instructed to bring a large sum

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of cash at a certain time to a certain deserted place, on the threat that if he doesn't come and come alone he'll never see Dan Patch again. That's just a bluff and merely for the newspapers. You've been in the advertising game for some time yourself, old horse, and you can imagine what will happen when the police and the Pinkertons are notified tomorrow morning not that the baby son of a millionaire has been kidnapped, but that the fastest and most valuable animal in the world has been horsenapped.

“There will be something doing all over the United States. All I hope is there won't be a riot when the news gets to Mr. Savage at Minneapolis. No, don't worry about me. I will be out in the country with a letter

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perfect alibi in my jeans and you will be quiet and peaceful until some well instructed swipe finds you and claims all the rewards that have been offered. You'll be found and brought back in plenty of time for Saturday's big exhibition. Now you've got the facts, old pal. Will you help us?"

The story of the kidnapping plan was enough to stagger the imagination of a man, to say nothing of a horse, and I naturally did not digest it all, but I believed in my newspaper friend and, while I wondered at how it all would end, I was willing to take a chance and help him as much as I could. While I was trying to make up my mind what would be desired of me I almost unconsciously nosed about his pockets for more sugar

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and, evidently taking this for my assent, he continued.

“We must be getting out of here, Dan, and the first thing to do is to wrap up your feet so that no one will recognize and follow your shoe marks in the soft ground outside.”

Having once made up my mind to be a party to the scheme I let the men proceed as they saw fit. I made no sound and the men worked together as quietly as possible in the straw. One at a time they put my feet in great sacks which they tied firmly around my legs. When three feet had been muffled, one of them raised my fourth foot while the other groped about in the straw. Finally he hissed “We’ve lost one bag.”

“H——,” replied the other as he

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set my foot down. "We'll have to go back. We won't dare to take him out with even one foot unmuffled as any fool will know the mark of Dan's shoe." With that they stole away, closing the door quietly.

I waited, nervous and interested. They had been gone only a few seconds when I heard a shout and some loud talking.

"Are you a detective?" asked some one in a big, rough voice.

"Yes, and if you don't keep quiet I'll run you in," came the barely audible reply, but loud enough so that I recognized the voice of our press agent and wondered how long he had been on the police force.

"Well, you're just the man I want. Jim Johnson stole fourteen dollars

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from me tonight and he's hiding around these grounds," was the new-comer's answer in a slightly lower tone, but one still loud enough to be heard for a block or more.

I could not catch my friend's answer, but the loud-voiced man continued to tell his troubles for several minutes until, evidently satisfied, he drove away.

The talk outside had aroused Plummer and the other caretakers, who slept in a room adjoining my stall. They discussed at some length the cause of the conversation, but finally decided that it was no business of theirs and with some uncomplimentary remarks about disturbers of the peace, evidently went back to sleep.

I waited impatiently for the next

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move in this midnight game. After what seemed an interminable period, the deadly stillness was broken by whispers in front of my door.

“It’s all off,” said the voice of my friend. “It would be an awful chance trying to get him out now after the bunch has been once waked up. If we did succeed the minute the papers came out with headlines about Dan Patch being kidnapped, that fool and his fourteen dollars would loom up in the offing. He wouldn’t lose much time in tearing for the police station and he would hand over to them a life-like description of ‘yours truly.’ Then it would be all up with me.”

“I guess you’re right,” replied the second plotter. “It’s tough, though. Everything perfectly arranged, that

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haunted house and all! Curses on the cards!"

My press agent came quietly into the stall and handing me a lump of sugar said dejectedly, "Have another one on me, Dan. It wasn't your fault. That chump's righteous wrath over losing fourteen dollars has cost us ten thousand dollars' worth of advertising and all our work has gone for nothing. Never mind though, old fellow, probably it was all for the best. Perhaps you might have caught cold in that old house and all the advertising in the world would not have paid for that." Whereupon the two silently unfastened my fantastic foot-gear and, with an affectionate goodbye, left me alone.

I did not sleep any more that night

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and mused long over the ways of men and press agents and wondered what next they might attempt. I don't think that Hersey and my caretakers ever knew of the attempted theft. If they did they never talked of it in my hearing and they have not taken any extra precautions although that is scarcely necessary as, whenever it is possible, my caretaker sleeps in front of my stall door. At home he does this winter and summer and, when on the road, there have been only one or two instances when the arrangement of the barn and bad weather have made it impracticable. However that may be, I have never been harmed and have not been yet, nor is it now probable that I ever will be, kidnapped.

CHAPTER XIV.

I AM PERMANENTLY RETIRED.

On December 5th, 1909, we were shipped from Southern California across the mountains and into the snow. While some of our stable suffered from the change, I did not notice it and was very glad to be back in my quarters on the farm.

My premonition that my exhibition at Los Angeles was my last has been proved well founded. A long rest during the winter of 1909-10 was not followed by the preparation work to which I have been used for the past ten years. The winter had done much for me and on my daily jogs during the spring days I felt well and strong although my legs

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seemed a little stiff and I did not have the old desire to test my speed. I was not asked to go fast and I was satisfied to jog along enjoying the sights and smell of growing things.

Soon I realized that the other horses were being worked in preparation for the racing season and I was not. I knew instinctively that I was through with my great speed efforts and, truest of indications, I did not feel badly about it. I was satisfied with light exercise and rest. Some times, jogging on the track, when Minor Heir rushed past, I started instinctively and felt a flash of the old spirit and the call to battle, but it was only a flash. Extra effort pained my legs and I was content to resume my jogging. Slowly it

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all came to me. I knew I was growing old, and sadly but resignedly I acknowledged that others would have to take up the burdens, command the applause, and win the glory that had so long been mine. It was the saddest lesson of my life, but I had learned to be a philosopher and decided to get all I could out of what was left.

As usual I was shipped in my car and during the summer and fall visited nearly a score of fairs in all parts of the United States. At each I was provided with commodious quarters and my decorated stall seemed still to be the Mecca for horse lovers. I was tended with as great care as ever and given even more luxuries. Hitched to a shining white wagon, I was exhibited before crowded

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stands and watched my stable mates race and win the plaudits of the multitude. I was not without my share of applause, and yet the applause was different. It was no longer the great, glad tribute inspired by a champion about to make new world's records. I guess people are fickle but they cannot help it. They demand action and performance. My greatness was now only a memory. I forgave them but I longed for the end of the season and the return to my farm home. I wanted rest and privacy and quiet.

During this trip I had more time than ever before in my life to think of my surroundings, of the treatment I was given and to compare my lot with that of the average race horse.

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I had heard harrowing tales of the harsh treatment that many horses received. Instances came to my notice of horses that were over-worked, under-fed, uncomfortably stalled and practically left to care for themselves after long shipments and hard races. I saw some of them loaded into rough freight cars with no conveniences and learned of their being raced almost immediately after being taken from cars in which they had been bumped about for days at a time.

I heard of the pain caused by the use of inhumane bits, checks, hobbles and all sorts of strange rigging. Of course the great race horses are not subjected to this rough treatment, but I made up my mind that many a good race horse was prevented from

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ever doing his best by lack of proper care and kindness.

Observing and thinking of these things brought to my attention forcibly that my lot had always been a very fortunate one. I think for the first time I really appreciated the fact that from my earliest days I had enjoyed every attention and kindness. I believe my disposition to do what was asked of me assured me better treatment than I might otherwise have had. However, it was my good fortune to have my lot cast with the right kind of owners, trainers and caretakers. Since I have become a world's champion I have been given more care and more luxuries and probably traveled in better state than any other living horse.

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I have always had one caretaker whose only duty was to see that my every need was satisfied and, during exhibition seasons, two men have been detailed to attend me. I have had my special car, in which is my rubber floored and plush upholstered stall. This car is always shipped by express, on the fastest passenger trains and I have never been kept in it longer than was absolutely necessary. On fair grounds where I have paced exhibitions I have always been given a large and especially prepared stall, this having been incorporated in all exhibition contracts made by my owner.

Always I have enjoyed an individual, nickel-plated feed-box and water-bucket and wherever there was any

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doubt about water or proper feed these have been carried for me in my car. The horses that have not been so fortunate can hardly appreciate what it means to have these comforts and the unceasing care of two expert grooms. They cannot know how it lessens the hardships of travel and eases the tired muscles to be continually rubbed, watched and petted.

During this last season the stable of which I was the head presented an imposing spectacle. Besides myself there was Minor Heir, Hedge-wood Boy, Lady Maud C. and George Gano, all of them famous pacers, and a varying number of younger horses, most of them my sons and daughters. At times there were as many as four-

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teen horses in the stable and the caretakers numbered as high as nineteen, two for each of the famous horses and one for each of the younger ones. These men, together with the head trainer, a second trainer, often an assistant driver, a special blacksmith, our advertising man and manager, made up a combination more notable than was ever before seen on any race track. The men with us were unusual in the horse world. They were all carefully selected and each had served an apprenticeship at the farm and had passed an examination as to sobriety and good morals before he was chosen as one of the traveling party.

In the past, roving and worthless caretakers, swipes and touts have

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done much to give the horse-racing business a bad name. From the stories I have heard I am sure that present conditions are very materially improved. I know this to be true in the case of our caretakers who were a uniformly clean lot of young fellows. My owner insisted on a few essentials in the men who worked for him with his horses. These essentials were temperance, clean language and, most of all, kindness to the horses.

These rules were and are inexorable at the farm and on the road. Any one who disobeys them is speedily discharged and the enforcing of these rules has done much to give the public a truer appreciation of our stable, in particular, and the horse-racing business in general.

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Our special car, fittingly decorated, was always the object of unusual interest in towns through which we passed and especially where we stopped. On the various fair grounds our stables were the center of attraction and, on exhibition days, the spectacle of this great string of horses splendidly equipped with the best that money could buy and led by uniformed grooms in parade past crowded stands, made a most unusual impression.

It was all very grand and inspiring to know that I was the head of this greatest aggregation of horses that ever toured the country, to know that I was the observed of all observers and yet the real thrill of it was gone. The other horses for whom the glamour of it was still fresh and

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who were to continue in it probably felt differently about it. They were looking forward, as I was a few years ago, to new conquests.

I was grateful when in November, after a Thanksgiving appearance at New Orleans, we were shipped to the farm. I knew that I was not to leave it again except perhaps for a visit to the Minnesota State Fair, the scene of my greatest triumphs.

CHAPTER XV.

MY DAILY ROUTINE.

I am at home permanently now and it is a pleasant life I lead here in the country. The routine of my living has been changed but little from the days when I was being trained to make new world's records. The hard, fast workouts and exhibition trips have been eliminated, but my treatment is none the less careful and exact.

My day begins at five o'clock in the morning with a breakfast of four quarts of well-screened oats. My caretaker always keeps a bucket of fresh water in my stall so that I can drink when and as much as I like.

After finishing my morning meal I am cross tied in my stall while the

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straw is shaken out, fresh bedding put in and my whole apartment disinfected. This stall, in which I now spend the greater part of my time, is worth at least passing comment. While I am used to the comforts and elegance of it, I know that it is out of the ordinary because it always attracts the attention of visitors.

The apartment is twenty feet square, hot water heated, well lighted and ventilated. The windows are high above my reach and, like the barred upper part of the door, are fitted up with shades that are drawn to keep it cool in summer and dark for my noon rests. A plentiful supply of bright, fresh, rye straw is always on hand and this is banked several feet high against each wall to add to

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the appearance as well as to prevent any possible injuries to me when rolling. A cord is strung, about four feet from the floor, clear around the stall and on this are hung my special, monogrammed, woolen blankets, forming a decoration as well as a protection.

Above the blankets the walls are decorated and hung with appropriate pictures, many of them being photographs of myself and scenes of my triumphs. I am sure no horse ever enjoyed a more comfortable and artistic living room.

To proceed with the routine. After the stall is prepared in the morning I am brushed off, my leg bandages removed, feet picked out and prepared for my morning jog, which con-

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sists of five or six miles outdoors if the weather permits and, if not, on the covered track. This track is unique and all of the horses on the farm consider it one of their greatest luxuries. It is a regulation half-mile track connected with the west wing of the barn. Its covering is a complete oval building which contains fourteen hundred windows. It is surfaced with tan bark and salt so that it never freezes and furnishes the best footing even in the coldest weather. On this track the colts are taught. We are exercised there during the winter and through March and April.

I always enjoy the morning's jog as I go only as fast as I feel inclined and I often get a little frisky, to my driver's discomfiture, who talks crossly

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to me, but who would never allow me to be hurt in the slightest way.

After this jog I am taken to the stable, unhitched, thoroughly cooled out and returned to my stall, where my legs are again bandaged with woolen bandages and sheet cotton and my feet washed out. I am then given plenty of clean, timothy hay, for which I have usually worked up an appetite.

From this time until eleven o'clock I am loose in my stall. Then I am given two quarts of oats and three quarts of bran mash. As soon as this meal is finished the feed box is removed and I am left alone to enjoy my afternoon nap. Some people smile when told that I never fail to enjoy this after-dinner siesta. It is

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an important matter to me, however. Every day I take from one to two hours' rest, lying down in my comfortable quarters. I believe this regular rest has helped to keep me strong.

About 4:30 the stall is put in order and I am again given a bunch of timothy hay and water. At five o'clock I get four quarts of cooked oats and bran. After eating this meal the feed-box is removed and I am carefully prepared for the night.

During the season of exhibitions, before my retirement, I was given four meals a day. My first three meals were the same as in the winter but I had one more meal at 8:30 p. m., consisting of a bran mash. My caretakers early learned that I could safely be left to my own discretion in the

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matter of eating. Even on exhibition days I was never tied to keep from filling up as other horses have to be. I was allowed all the hay I wanted to eat right up to the time the harness was put on for my warming-up miles.

As soon as I finished a fast mile I was taken to the stall and given an alcohol bath. The alcohol was well rubbed into the muscles of my legs and back, after which it was scraped off leaving my skin and hair perfectly clean. I was then rubbed lightly, my legs hand-rubbed and bandaged with cotton bandages. After this I was covered with light blankets and walked for about twenty minutes, after which I was taken in and rubbed lightly to thoroughly dry my hair.

This work was repeated and the

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entire cooling-out process took about an hour and thirty minutes. When thoroughly cooled out I was taken to my stall, my legs washed with castile soap and warm water and woolen bandages rolled on them. Then I was covered with a shoulder piece or extremely long towel with a light woolen blanket over it. My feet were packed and I was left to enjoy rest, hay and hot bran mash.

On mornings following an exhibition when we were obliged to ship, I was never jogged, but placed in the car and fed mostly bran mashes and all the hay I wanted. In shipping I was backed into a narrow, padded stall that did not permit of my lying down. My feet were packed and my rubber floor protected me from

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jars and injuries. I grew used to long shipments and they never bothered me, although some times the monotony was wearying. I learned to accept the conditions philosophically.

Those who have visited my farm home will appreciate why I am happy here. In extent and in all of its appointments the place is in keeping with my own palatial quarters. The seven hundred acres lie on both sides of the picturesque Minnesota River. My owner's summer home occupies a commanding position on a bluff that rises 125 feet sheer above the river level.

On our side, the broad, rich acres of the Minnesota River bottom furnish food and drink and a place of exercise for the mares, colts and

OF DAN PATCH

youngsters. There is also a high class mile track, which is one of the fastest in the country, in addition to the half-mile covered track of which I have spoken.

The stables are as large and complete as any in the world. The five great wings radiating from the immense rotunda together with a long barn immediately in the rear provide stall accommodations for fully two hundred and twenty-five horses. The entire plant is lighted by acetylene gas, piped with water and hot water heated. Everything is peaceful and well ordered and it is an ideal place for a retired champion to spend his latter days.

CHAPTER XVI.

ONE CHAMPIONSHIP I DID NOT WIN.

From colthood, harnesses, carts and sulkies have been familiar to me. I early learned to consider them a part of my life. After I had become used to a bit and learned to be guided by the drawing of lines, I never objected to being harnessed or driven. To pull a man in a sulky seemed natural and right to me, the duty of every dignified race horse.

I had often heard tales of great thoroughbreds who raced under saddle and, at many of the fairs where I was on exhibition, I had seen long, lean horses, mounted by undersized men or boys wearing gaily colored caps and jackets, galloping on the

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track. Indeed I was very well acquainted with a black pony at the farm that, under saddle, used to prompt us in the early spring or was used to break and herd the colts. This pony was well bred and good mannered and I felt very friendly toward her.

I must admit, however, that I never knew much about the rules of running races and always considered saddle horses and runners a class which I did not care to cultivate. Individually I thought them all right and I presume many of them are deserving, but, as a class, I never cared about associating with them any more than a bank president cares to join the hotel porters' union. Perhaps I was wrong in this, but I have always felt

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that breeding and performance make class distinction among horses as well as among men. With this explanation of my feeling it should not be hard to understand my actions in the following incident.

It happened one spring morning several years ago, but it had real bearing upon my future treatment and it made a vivid impression upon me as well as upon other actors in the little drama.

Without giving me any advance information, my caretaker brought into my stall an armful of leather trappings which he tossed on the straw beside me. I did not recognize their nature and thought it unusual to be harnessed at that time of day. Without any explanation he put on my

OF DAN PATCH

head an open bridle and tossed the reins back on my neck. I wondered that I should be bridled before the rest of the harness was put on, but from habit asked no questions nor registered any objections.

Two or three of the stable men watched the operation from the doorway and there was an air of unusualness about the proceeding that aroused my curiosity. After being cross tied in the stall, my caretaker laid a small blanket on my back and then, to my surprise, picked up what I recognized as a saddle and placed it on the blanket. I was too astonished to remonstrate and before I knew it the girths were tightened around me. They were cinched painfully but it was all done so

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quickly that I only half realized the real indignity of it.

I was then led from my stall and into an adjoining field. A half dozen men followed, evidently interested in the outcome of the experiment. I did not like the feeling of the saddle and the cinched girth, but decided to see what further would be attempted.

When we reached a nice, level, open spot we stopped and one of the stable boys approached, taking the rein from Plummer. Without saying a word he stepped into the stirrup and vaulted to a seat on my back. This was the last straw. Was I, the champion of the world, to be used as a saddle horse? Not if I could help it.

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Even my good temper could not stand the strain. I hesitated, uncertain how best to emphasize my protest, and the boy on my back stuck his heels in my side and exclaimed, "Get up, Dan, old boy!"

The familiarity added fuel to the flames of my wrath and I leaped forward, thinking to run from under my rider and away from my shame. I ran for a little distance, but found this method unavailing. I paid no attention to the manipulation of the reins by the boy as I was beside myself with shame and anger. I whirled about and started across country toward the river, As I neared the bank of the creek that flows through the farm, the thought of a trick of my youth flashed through my mind

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and from a run I stopped suddenly—stiff legged. I felt the boy on my back bounce forward on to my neck and hope revived. I jumped forward again, stopped quicker than before with my feet planted almost on the bank of the little stream. At the same time I kicked high and viciously, with my head lowered to the ground.

The weight on my back shifted. I was hit with a dangling stirrup and when I looked up I saw the stable boy striking the water with an awful splash. It was sweet revenge and, as the poor fellow emerged from the cold water, spluttering and swearing, I felt a great, if wicked, joy.

Not to be again trapped, I turned and jogged away from the approach-

OF DAN PATCH

ing youth and saw my caretaker running toward me as fast as he could. I stopped as Plummer neared me and let him come up and take hold of the dangling bridle rein. "I told 'em you wouldn't stand for it, Dan, and I guess they know it now," he stammered, nearly out of breath, but evidently elated with the spirit of "I told you so."

He immediately loosened the saddle girth and, pulling the troublesome thing from my back, threw it in a heap on the grass. "I guess that is the last time they will put you on Dan Patch," he grunted and started to lead me toward the stables.

I was glad some one knew that I would stand up for my rights and felt very friendly toward my groom.

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Plummer and I were not the only pleased spectators. "Patch," my little silver Yorkshire terrior mascot, seemed more delighted than either of us. He was jumping about my feet and barking excitedly. I felt that he appreciated my wounded feelings and was glad that I had vindicated myself. When near the stable entrance Plummer stopped me, reached down and picked up the little long-haired and wildly wiggling Patch. "We three will always stand together," he asserted, to which declaration I gladly assented and Patch barked approval. "You are the only one that can ride this champion," said Plummer and therewith set my little friend on my back.

I felt Patch's sharp claws as he

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strove to keep his balance, but the scratches were like caresses to me and I stood perfectly still while the little dog barked defiance to the men who had just arrived from the scene of my saddle exhibition.

Patch has been my pal since he was a tiny puppy. He has eaten and drunk and slept with me. We have traveled together several times across the continent. They say a dog is man's most faithful friend and I believe little Patch is as faithful to me as any dog ever was to his master. He is now about five years old and has been my continual companion during that time. He always seems content to be with me and I am always pleased to have him. He is an excitable little fellow and some

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times loudly objects to the visits of strangers to my stall, but as is the case with more than dogs his "bark is worse than his bite." He really would not harm any one unless he was convinced that they were causing me pain. He enjoys my jogs, workouts and exhibitions and is the most excited being about the place whenever I am harnessed and taken from the stables. He always goes with me unless forcibly detained and one of his delights is riding in the sulky seat with Plummer when I am taking my morning exercise.

On account of our unusual and close relationship, I was proud to have Patch succeed where a man had failed. It pleased me to have him ride me and bark his defiance to the men whom

OF DAN PATCH

I thought had tried to lower my dignity.

As a result of this episode no one since has ever tried to saddle me. I have not won the world's championship for a pacing horse under saddle, but I have preserved my self-respect.



My Latter Days Are Lived in Pleasant Places.

OF DAN PATCH

Tiring but determined we struggled through the stretch and I staggered slightly as I passed under the wire amid the almost death-like silence that gripped the expectant thousands.

The time was hung out and it was greeted with the tumultuous roar of a widely enthusiastic crowd. I had again achieved what was considered impossible and lowered my own and the world's record. The clamor was deafening and the uncontrolled crowd surged around me. Despite my protests the people bore me off my feet and I was raised high in the air over their heads.

Following the ecstatic joy of this moment of victory I felt myself falling. I saw a mass of humanity under me and feared they would be crushed

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by my weight. I came closer to them, but they did not move. Just as my feet seemed about to strike their heads some one in the crowd called "It's an honor to be killed by Dan Patch, the world's champion harness horse!" and—I woke up.

I opened my eyes slowly and wonderingly took in the details of my own stall. I knew that I had been only dreaming and as I turned my head saw my master standing at the stall door laughing quietly to himself. "Dear old Dan!" he exclaimed. "You can't get over breaking world's records, can you?"

As usual he understood me. He knew that I had been living over again, in my dreams, some great effort. I arose and stood still, some-

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what dazed, and he came to me and, patting me affectionately on the neck, said: "You old rascal! I am more convinced than ever that you are almost human; in fact, more intelligent than most humans. I didn't know, however, that horses ever dreamed dreams of greatness. Perhaps others don't, but I know you do. The way you paced that mile was really life-like. It's a wonder there is any straw left in your stall."

In looking about me I saw the bedding had been thrown in great disorder and realized that though lying down I had really paced a remarkable mile. I have heard my owner and caretakers since tell the story and say that it is not uncommon for me to pace while I sleep.

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I know that the dream seemed very real. It was exhilarating and I am glad that at least I have dreams of greatness and great performances left to enjoy, since physical limitations prevent me from more real track victories.

It hurts to believe that fate is so unkind as to leave me with a spirit for continued conquest and without the physical strength to carry it out. I know that I am the fastest horse in the world and I am confident that when I am in condition all the Minor Heirs and George Ganos and Lady Maud Cs are merely amateurs in comparison and yet there is something which makes me enjoy my afternoon nap and the long hours of rest, more than I ever did before.

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New world's records do not appeal to me the way they once did. The country, my farm home with its stream and sunshine, birds and happy horses seem more desirable than hard tracks, killing effort and great multitudes of cheering people.

I guess I am growing old. If that is true I have little to regret. The years I have lived have been crowded with incident, action, conquest and glory. I have won practically all of the world's records for harness horses. I have never been defeated in a race and best of all I have made thousands and thousands of friends. I feel that these friends are worth having worked for. They will remain true to me and perhaps through them I will be the cause of bettering the lot of other horses. I hope so.

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Whatever else shall be asked of me I shall do to the best of my ability. I know that I have long years of peace and happiness ahead of me. I shall enjoy the reflected glory won by my sons and daughters, many of whom I know will carry forward the fame of the family of which I have always been so proud.

In closing I want to repeat that horses do think and feel, do enjoy, suffer and know.

THE END.

APPENDIX

DESCRIPTION OF DAN PATCH.

Dan looks a World's Champion to a pre-eminent degree. He has size and his bearing shows a proud consciousness that is distinctive and always makes him the observed of all observers. His head is remarkable for its beauty of conformation and his wide set, intelligent eyes are wonderfully expressive. His trainer gives the following figures, descriptive of Dan Patch:

Color—Mahogany Bay with black points and small, white star on forehead.

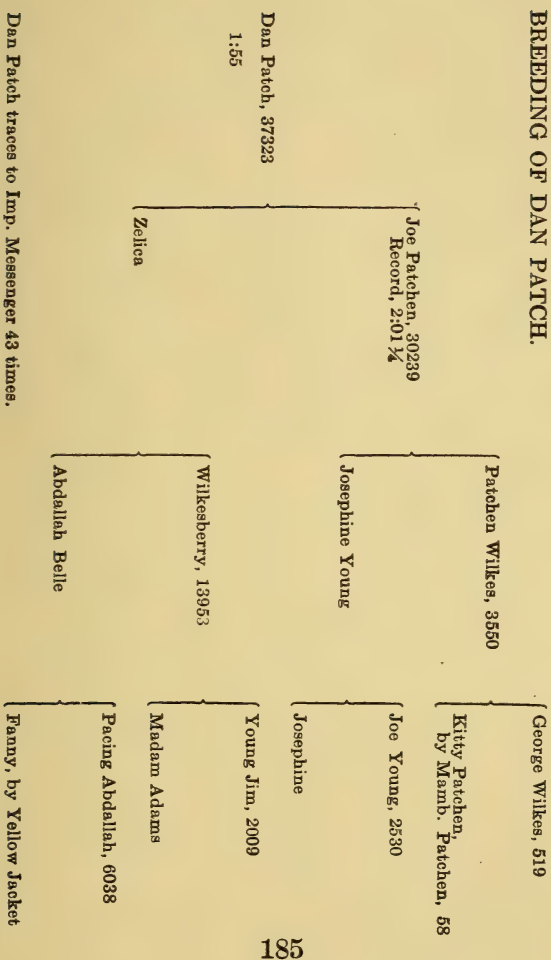
Weight—Eleven hundred and sixty-five pounds.

Height—Sixteen hands.

Girth measure—Seventy-three and one-half inches.

Shoulder measure—Sixty inches.

BREEDING OF DAN PATCH.



WORLD RECORDS HELD BY DAN PATCH.

OVER ONE MILE TRACK.

One mile, 1906.....	1:55
One mile, 1905.....	1:55 $\frac{1}{4}$
One mile, unpaced, 1905.....	1:58
One mile, to high wheel sulky, 1903...	2:04 $\frac{3}{4}$
One mile, to wagon, 1903.....	1:57 $\frac{1}{4}$
One half mile, 1903.....	0:56
Two miles on mile track, 1903.....	4:17

OVER HALF MILE TRACK.

One mile, 1905.....	2:01
One mile, to wagon, 1905.....	2:05

Dan Patch is the only Champion Pacing Stallion never beaten in a race.

Dan Patch has paced One Mile in 1:55, One Mile in 1:55 $\frac{1}{4}$, Two Miles in 1:56, Three Miles in 1:56 $\frac{1}{4}$, Fourteen Miles averaging 1:56 $\frac{1}{2}$, Thirty Miles averaging 1:57 $\frac{1}{2}$, Forty-Five Miles averaging 1:58, Seventy-Three Miles averaging 1:59 $\frac{1}{2}$, One Hundred Twenty Miles averaging 2:02 $\frac{1}{2}$.





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